

A SONG THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WILL LOVE !!!

A LETTER FROM NO MAN'S LAND

By
HAROLD B
FREEMAN



HAROLD FREEMAN MUSIC CO.

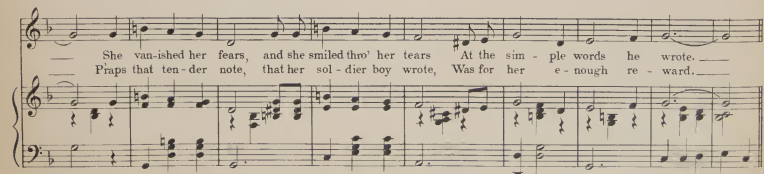
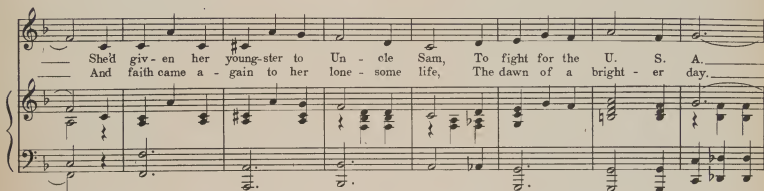
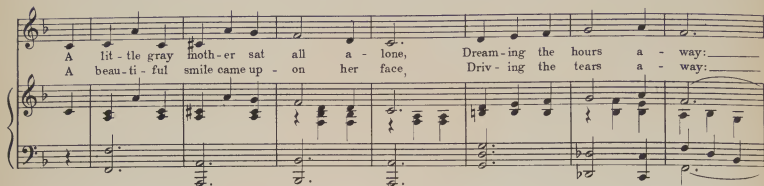
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A LETTER FROM NO MAN'S LAND

INTRO.

HAROLD B. FREEMAN

Very slowly



CHORUS Slowly

Per - haps all the words were not spell'd right. Or the mean - ing was not ver - y clear.

A frayed lit - tle scrawl, but she read it all, It start - ed with Moth - er

dear: But she did - n't cry at the lines that he penned, She felt might - y

proud that his life she could lend, And she kissed each cross, there at the

end, Of a let - ter from No Man's Land. 1 Per - Land. 2

HAROLD FREEMAN'S MASTERPIECE.
MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

If you can pause for a moment, in this whirl of life, and lay aside the cares and the worries, and look back-across the bridge of life when you were a kid in your mother's arms, in your mind the sweetest picture in the world will be formed, when your mother was singing you to sleep with the beautiful strains of "Rock-a-bye, Baby!"

Too young to have a care in the world, you were content in those strong arms, and Paradise could never be nearer to you than at that time.

That's what MY MOTHER'S LULLABY brings to you - the most beautiful memories, the thoughts of childhood, of mother, and of peace. It's a song of mother-love, and in the sublimity of the devotion of the mother for her child, MY MOTHER'S LULLABY excels the ordinary song; it is nothing pretentious, but a simple story, and a story that the whole world loves, told in a simple way. Can these words awaken in your heart a faint throb of responsiveness and bring you memories-wonderful memories.

CHORUS

In the days of long ago, Mother sang to me,
 Just a song so soft and low, an old sweet melody;

It wasn't a classic of opera so grand,
 A sweet simple tune you could all understand,
 Rock-a-bye Baby on the tree-top, seemed to make me cry,
 Still I hear it, soft and low, MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

And then play this little bit of the music:-

CHORUS. Slowly and tenderly

In the days of long ago, Mother sang to
 me, Just a song so soft and low, An old sweet melody.

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This is HAROLD FREEMAN'S MASTERPIECE- the greatest song that he has ever written, and it will be the biggest hit of 1917-18. Get it while it's new, and join the thousands who are now singing it. **FOR SALE AT ALL WOOLWORTH, KRESGE, MCCRORY, or KRESS STORES** or sent direct from the publishers upon receipt of 30 Cents.

GET IT FOR YOUR PLAYER PIANO OR TALKING MACHINE.

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